

Halo: The Pinnacle Of Dawn

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Summary: In the year 2560, eight years after Halo 3, the sister ship of the Pillar Of Autumn, The Dawn Of Fall, was exploring the far reaches of space when it came upon a distress beacon coming from Onyx. My first story, please don't flame, but please give criticism.

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****Chapter 1: The Beginning of The End****

"Sir, we are entering the Onyx system, further instructions?" Said the pilot marine of the sister ship to The Pillar Of Autumn, The Dawn Of Fall. "Good Marine, I want you to land us on...". Started a elderly man in a full white suit, but was cut off by another Marine. "SIR!, We are receiving a distress beacon from the planet's surface, what shall we do?", The Marine asked. "Can you trace what's giving off that beacon?", Asked the man. "Sir, Yes sir!... It appears to match the description of the ship the Arbiter crash-landed on earth at the end of The Great War, eight years ago, and also the ship that HE died on..." Said the Marine, looking down at those final words. "You mean Spartan-117?" Asked the man, "I'm going down there, have my ship ready by the time I get back..." And at those words, the old man walked out of the cockpit towards the barracks of the ship.

"There close but... it might take years for them to find us...", A woman's voice said, "But there's always hope, that's why I've awoken you...". A fully armored man, all though the armor was very battle-damaged, stepped out of a cyro-genic freezing pod, "My armor's still a little frozen up, let me fix that and I'll get to work trying

to get off this place." Said the armored figure, A Spartan, The Master Chief, John-177. The hologram of a woman coming out of a terminal smiled, and the voice from before, her voice, said, "Its good to have someone to talk to... Its been eight years..." John stopped his stretching and looked around, "Eight years, its been that long?" He asked. "Yea, but its felt like forever." Said the woman. "Sorry Cortana... but lets forget that now, and lets get off this planet." Said the Chief. Cortana smiled, "Sure thing!" She said, then vanished has the Chief took her data disk out of the terminal and put it into his helmet. "Is there any life on this planet other than the normal Coverment Refuges?" John asked Cortana. "Not that I can pick up.", She replied. "Good..." Said the Chief, he walked over to a small rack and took a Battle Rifle off of it and put it on his back, then took off a Shotgun and put it on the a table beside him, then took off lots of ammo and gernades and put them on his waist, then reloaded the Shotgun, picked it up, walked to the door, and said, "Lets go.", He then walked out the door.

Many aliens gathered below a blank giant screen, in an unknown room, on an unknown planet, has all the aliens got settled and looked up to the screen, the head of a familier looking alien popped on to the screen, at which all the other aliens bowed down to, The Brutes, The Jackels, The Drones, The Grunts, The Engineers, and even The Hunters, all bowed. "My fellow Coverment," The alien on the screen began to talk, "Its been eight years since my brothers were slain by the hand of The Elites, The Flood, The Homo Sapians, And there... Demon, eight years of recovery, eight years of hiding, and waiting, BUT NO MORE, Now it is time for the youngest Prophet, me, The Prophet Of Greed, to lead us into The Great Journey. The Forerunners foresaw this day, The Great Recovery Of The Coverment, And they knew, that this would be the end of The Great Journey, and the end of all that oppose it, now my bretheren, LET US FIGHT!". All the aliens then began to cheer, The Brutes Roared, The Jackels Raved, The Drones fluttered there wings, The Grunts Yelled, The Engineers Beated, And the Hunters Fired there Canons into the air. It was a celebration to be heard all through the Universe, but all who heard it, did not know the destruction it would bring. No one would see it coming.

The doors to the Barracks opened and in walked the Old Man in White, he walked to a certain cell, opened the door, and walked in. Before him lay a man, Young, Muscular, Tall, and Scared. "Spartan-651, its time..." Said the Old Man. "About time, Commander Wells." The Spartan said waking up, he then got up, began to put his Mark VIII Armor on, "Where is he?" he asked. "He appears to be on Onyx." Said Wells. The Spartan smirked before putting on his helmet, "Figures..." He says. Wells and 651 then procceded to walk out of the barracks towards the hanger. There waited his personal Pelican, The Hood, named after the Ex-Lord Hood. They boarded the ship along with five more marines, and the pilot started it up. "Are you ready for battle 651?" Asked Wells. "Please Commander, just call me Jacob, and of course, im always

ready." Said Jacob-651. The Ship then hovered of the floor of the ship, and floated slowly to the door of the hanger. Wells smiled, "Thats good to know, Jacob." He said has the ship took off out of the hanger into space, and slowly drifted towards the surface of the planet,
Onyx.

End
file.